

WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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THE OPEN DOOR OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

See Article on page 2, "The Grey House"

Australasia Revisited

OR, THE UPS AND DOWNS OF COM- MISSIONER POLLARD.

(N. B.—The advantage of this serial story is that each chapter can be read as a whole by new as well as old readers, without referring to what has gone before.—Ed.)

CHAPTER IX.

LOVE AND WAR.

The love-making took its proper course. George Pollard, in his already known, had turned a purpose in life. He would enter upon no engagement, coquetism, no work, and hold no companionship that was not in accordance with that purpose or could not be subordinated to it. Hence his courtship, if we may call the understanding with Miss Pearcey such, never interfered with his service to God. It rather aided and strengthened him. He never missed an open-air meeting, or sought occasion for an indoor meeting, or sought occasion for a "walk out," at the cost of even attending a meeting at which his presence merely counted a head.

On Miss Pearcey's side there was the recognition from the start, of a solemn responsibility. She saw the hand of God guiding George Pollard, and she had visions of his possible and probable triumphs which at times appalled her and tore which at times appalled her and tore her to continue, with herself and her lover, it she would prove the helpmeet he deserved.

All this was, of course, kept unrequited in the sanctuary of her own heart. She did not even whisper in the ears of the young man what she contemplated.

Only once did she allow herself the liberty to dignitize as to her future husband's service in the Kingdom. That was when he was asked to go to New Zealand. With her lover she had what we must, for the lack of a better word,

Miss Pearcey made the best possible out of her opportunities previous to her embarking to join Capt. Pollard.

When Canterbury Corps opened she was there—first as a front-rank soldier, and then as a Sergeant.

Commander Booth-Tucker was at this time passing through his Catechism at Canterbury Corps, and Mrs. Pollard could give you some interesting sidelights upon the character of the man who was destined to revolutionizing the methods and spirit of evangelizing the race of India.

The simplicity and love of his spirit overflowed wherever he went, and Mrs. Pollard honors and reveres the name of Booth-Tucker. In the Training Home she was associated with some choice spirits, notable first of all, resting in the arms of Lydin Corlett, who, wherever she went, or whatever she did, carried the fire of the Gospel. Her presence was the fire of a woman-warrior. Then Mrs. Lieut. Colonel Lindsay left a strong impression on Capt. Pearcey. She combined with a gentle, winning disposition a strong, steady courage. Staff-Captain Haswell, ultimately a martyr to one of the dangers, inspired, by his holy influence, on the heart of Capt. Pearcey memories which to this day are valued as treasures or heirlooms to hand down to her children.

Then, Capt. Pearcey was highly favored by the first appointment. She was sent to Huddersfield, under Capt. Nellie Ashworth (now Mrs. Ensign Millis, Luton II.). Ashworth was "sweeping the boards," and, consequently, Miss Pearcey, as we saw, was something of a pioneer of the Army in New Zealand—had a taste of the glories of fighting and conquering on the field.

This chapter in the "Ups and Downs of Commissioner Pollard," is entitled, "Love and War." We might add—and specially war.

The courtship of these two lives was no mere sentimental pastime. They were soldiers first and last, and something like the Crusader spirit animated their thoughts and colored all their hopes and visions of the future.

They had no day dreams of a cottage by the sea, or the life of happiness mediated by cares and anxieties. No; for when they did take to castle building (which was very seldom), their mental

pictures were drawn with souls crying for mercy in the foreground, surrounded by devils and difficulties; or climbing the hills of opposition in some distant land, and waving the banner of victory at the top; or, to use Commissioner Pollard's own metaphor, "grinding away behind the scenes with a pen for a sword and a salvation 'go' at the end of the day by way of recreation."

Capt. Pearcey, like Capt. Pollard, then, graduated for service in the Colonies, among the roughs and toughs of South London, in the dear old Training Home, on the British Field, and we ought to add six weeks' agony on board ship.

She underwent a cruel and exceptional experience on the water. Neptune was in his most violent temper, and the ship which carried Capt. Pearcey and another officer across the Bay of Biscay encountered an Atlantic cyclone; such a blast of the elements had not been known for thirty years. The coasts of France and England were bestrewn with wrecks, and hundreds of lives perished.

It still remains a mystery how the ship in which the Captain was a passenger survived. For twenty-four hours, when the fury of the elements were at their height, the ship was like an India-rubber ball, tossed hither and thither. The company's officers speak of this storm till this day.

A double-breasted sea struck the ship amidships, pulled over her bulwarks and swept the decks almost bare, giving her such a lurch that for nearly a minute the vessel seemed to settle in the bosom of the deep.

To those unaccustomed to the sea, the hurricane could have but one termination, and many of the passengers perished, or, for themselves, in their own way, for they were so terribly death. Capt. Pearcey was so terribly



overcome by seasickness as to be almost oblivious to the danger, and her agonies, as she lay in her berth, unattended by stewardess and forgotten by others, were indescribable.

Fitting pictures of mother, home and friends would lie for a moment in her imagination, and then would follow the sharp thud and swish-swish of the billows dashing against the ship's side. Another moment she would see the pale, anxious face of her lover light up the darkness of the cabin and depart, as if to mock her for the hopes she had cherished in her woman's heart. Her physical weakness, together with her negative imagination, kept her, as it were, on the rack of torture; but not once did her heart's trust in God fail her.

"I am Thine, Lord," she would say, as if to answer the howling thunder of the Atlantic. "You saved me for a purpose. Thy will be done," and, though no voice Divine cried to the prancing mountains of water, "Peace, be still," Capt. Pearcey heard the whisper in her soul, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Here we will take leave of Captain Pearcey. We will meet her again under more favorable circumstances. It is time that we returned to Dunedin, and studied the campaign which Capt. Pollard so successfully inaugurated.

(To be continued.)

Courage itself is not beautiful; it is only beautiful when it is linked, on the one hand with gentleness, and on the other with truth.

A man who is to be a moral enthusiast must hold with a positive and uncompromising faith that God is awake, and vigilant, and interested, and at work.

The Grey House.

(To our frontpiece.)

Back from the clamorous highway stands a gray house. Morning and night I pass it, and from long gleaning at the windows and carefully watching the door much that goes on within is known to me. It has become part of my daily life—that part of which is contained in a quarter of an hour and the walking through a little street.

There is nothing peculiar about the architecture of the house. Like its neighbors on each side, it has a flight of steps, a brown door and a bare garden. But there is an air, an atmosphere, a good look in the very walls and pallings, that sets it apart from other houses.

At first I was attracted to notice it by the character of its visitors. Returning along the street on a damp, dark, autumn night, two women, stirred by my footsteps, rose from the shadow of the wall alongside the house. They waited till I had passed, then sank down into the gloom again, with their faces turned towards the small, bright light that shone above the door.

Once, on a morning, the

Door Swung Rudely Open.

and a woman and girl came down the steps. The hand that led them out was

Again, one morning—oh, touching sight!—a little boy, with golden curls flying in the air, stood on a chair and in the room of small white beds and pattered the pines with his little hands, and bent his red mouth to the open space below, crying, "Oh, take me out! Oh, take me out!"

I thought of this "somebody's son," and of his unknown father who had turned his back (more cruel than any animal) on the fair little being who owed his life to him, and who would never hear the pathetic voice crying to be taken "in-a," as other little boys were taken by their fathers.

Then there was a night when a woman lay, face downward, on the white steps, waiting till the devil was in her; that they had been kind, that it was the dearest house in the world, that she had been very happy there, she knew she could not get in now, for, "Oh, I'm drunk, I'm drunk! The devil's in me now, and I'd tear you all to pieces!"

Someone came to the door and spoke in a gentle tone. The woman listened, lay still, then, gathering her dress, ordered dress, fled back into the heartless house.

Once, only once, I went inside. (Going up to the door with a message, it was opened by a woman who, with tears, presently told me,

"We've Lost a Baby!"

Another, her face drooping and full of despairing sorrow, went past me down the steps.

"That is the mother," said the officer, in a low voice, "Come and see the baby." I had never seen death, and I dreaded the sight, but I went. Stretched out under a sheet was a little something.

The officer put the sheet away, and there in the cot smiled a tiny waken face on the pillow strewn with lilies-of-the-valley. The small hands were clasped; the little life, the outcome of sin, had gone back to the heart of the Great Father. And death here was not awful, but lovely. "Nobody's child" was at peace and owned at last by God.

The officers' tears fell fast, and it seemed to me that each was a diamond in the sight of the Lord and His angels. It was not her child, it had always been sickly and full of trouble, yet she loved it, and wept for the babe and the forsaken mother.

When, in the evening, I passed the house, and all day and every day within its walls women help one another to be good and to trust God. Girls who have had the whitest of lives put an arm round others who have erred, and first help them to Christ, and then back to society. The devil is fought with songs and prayers, and tears and laughter.

They are saved walls. The house is a great stepping-stone to heaven. Virtue is a temple of virtue, stainless and pure as the white snow God sends to cover and comfort the black earth. Never do I pass the Grey House, near the singing, see the children, or watch the busy fingers plying needle of broom or smoothing iron, or washing brush, that I do not think what it holds within it the most virtuous women I have ever known who love Virtue enough to seek her again with toil and tears.

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The Cheery Courage of a Leader.

I judged they were working, and that the courageous conductor had started the singing to keep up their flagging spirits and fight depression and lassitude. That they were responding bravely was easy to hear.

He was visiting the Southern District and was announced at Seal Cove. In telling me the experience the Brigadier said:

"On reaching Grand Bank I learned that to get to Seal Cove we had to cross Fortune Bay, a distance of 25 miles; the skipper with his punt, who had been ordered to take us, refused to go on account of the fierce storm then raging. I had only one day in which to get there, and I wanted to catch the steamer for St. John's, and to avoid disappointing the people at Seal Cove, I asked the D. O. if we could get the punt and we would go ourselves. He refused unless the Captain and Lieutenant, who were sailors, went also. This was agreed upon, so we went into the boat and were going out of the harbor, when the old man, seeing the awkward way we were putting up the sails, shouted for us to come back to

sake don't get sick now for we must be near the Island.' The storm increases and the skipper started to sing—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

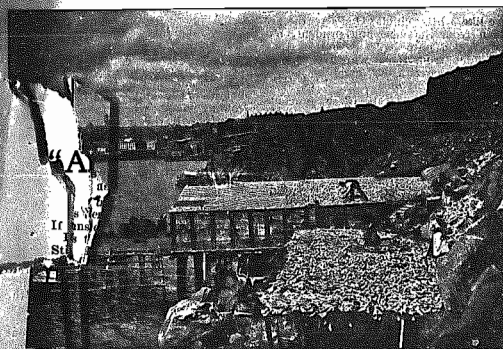
The Major: "I thought to myself, If you can sing in the storm, so can I, and started—

"Though the waves rise high and my frail bark toss,
Yet I know not a care nor a fear,
For I sail in the light that shines from the Cross,
And I've Jesus, my Pilot, near."

Skipper: "Do you see the Island yet?"

Major: "No." In fact I could see nothing for the salt water that was running down my face.

"We must be near it, Major, at the



South Side, St. John's, Nfld.

the pier and we would go with us. As soon as he got into the boat he said, "When I say you put up the sails, I said to myself, 'These men will never get to Seal Cove to-day,' and continued, 'It is only too bad to go, for it is an awful day, and we are going to catch

there was a Island a little more than way across, so we set ourselves to that first. When about four miles the gale freshened upon us, and the said, 'Now we have it, we can't do the only thing for us to do is to get on.' The D. O. turns over the bottom of the boat dreadfully and the Lieutenant leans over the side and says, 'E-U-I-O-P-E, the Captain gets under the weather boat, waves rise higher and higher, each going over the masts and we expect every wave will turn our boat over; in fact, I never expected to reach land again. To make it worse the fog set in and we could see nothing ahead of us, so I committed my beloved wife and darling child into the Lord's care, never expecting to see them again, and stood facing the storm, expecting with the dash of each wave the boat would capsize."

"The skipper said, 'Are you sick, Major?' 'No, not yet.' 'Well, for God's

rate we have come. Keep well on the lookout or we shall all go down."

"I went to the lee side of the boat, and was not there two minutes when right ahead I saw a dark object loom up and said, 'There is something right ahead, skipper; turn the helm or we are lost.' We were saved in the nick of time; another two boatlengths and we should have been crushed on the rocks."

"Once around the Island we got into calmer water, and we had to row twelve miles, but at last, tired and hungry, we arrived safely."

Take now, if you will, the experience of a land route, which is a common one to the Newfoundland D. O's, and about which the Brigadier says:

"Once when visiting the Bonavista District, I had to walk 25 miles across barrens and bush to get to the corps at which I was announced. Capt. T— was my guide. For 12 miles we walked over a new road, each step we took we went over our ankles in mud. During 11 miles of the journey it was snowing very hard, and we tramped through soft snow, which kept getting deeper very fast. I was not in trim to walk 25 miles without rest or food, so I asked the Captain to take the short cut of which we had previously spoken, and so save a



Barracks No. 41, St. John's, Nfld.

mile. By this time I was really played out, and after we had walked about one mile and a half along the supposed short cut, the Captain found he had gone the wrong way. The snow was fully three feet deep in the bush and the trees being very thick we tried to walk on top of the snow where there was a creek running underneath. Every step I took I went right up to the hip, the ice cold water underneath made me so cold that the sinews of my legs began to draw up and I could not for very life walk straight. My strength was gone, and hungry, tired, and cold, and with that feeling that I could not retrace my steps, I laid down to die. We did not know in what direction we were. Having laid on the snow for about twenty minutes we heard in the distance the sound of someone chopping wood; we shouted, but got no reply."

I mustered up courage and asked the Lord to give me strength to make another attempt to get where the sound was coming from, and after rolling and tumbling for about two miles we got to the mouth of the bay; another mile and a half got us to the quarters late in the evening, but passing through the harbor I was really ashamed, for I walked like an old man of eighty years. I could not get the cords of my legs to stretch at all. Reaching the quarters I got Captain Russell to get some boiling water and mustard and bathe my feet and then went to bed and slept till the next day. On rising I felt a little better, and two days after we walked back the same road, but you can be sure we steered clear of the bush."



Ensign Bogge,

Harbor Grace District, Nfld.

CHAPTER VII.

"LEAVENING THE WHOLE LUMP."

I would take a parchment as long as from St. John's to Twillingate, if all the blessed work accomplished on the Island were described—may, if merely the extraordinary conversions wrought through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army, were written. We cannot, therefore, stop to tell of the many officers and soldiers, who, at the present time are fighting in our ranks throughout the Dominion and the United States, although some idea of their number may be gathered from the fact that no less than 200 soldiers are annually transferred; nor may we linger to gather the statistics of those who have crossed the Jordan and are now in the Glory-land; neither must we pause to lift the veil and tell of the many who, rescued from sin through the Army, have gone into other churches and other work for God. We will content ourselves here



Ensign Brown,

Greenpoint District, Nfld.

with the figures taken last June, and which reveal the fact that in the 13 years since the first particle of "heaven" was secured, and at which time we had nothing, we have in June, '09:

8 Districts,
40 Corps and
30 Outposts, commanded by
100 Staff and Field Officers (all of whom, except 4, are Newfoundlanders) and
780 Local Officers, whose combined influence and daily teaching is gradually "leavening" the
3,360 Soldiers and Recruits, the
16,704 persons who attend our Sunday meetings, and the
35,001 weekly attendants at our week-night gatherings, to say nothing of the 950 hours the Officers spend weekly in making their influence felt for good by visitation.

In that same space of 13 years, 43 barracks and 13 officers' quarters have been built or secured and are now the property of the S. A.



Men's Shelter and Slum Officers' Quarters, St. John's, Nfld.

(Continued on page 12.)



A CLEAN HEART.

(Continued.)

Question.—IF YOU ARE CLEANSED WILL YOU EVER SIN?

"Am I not sinless after being cleansed and filled?" Certainly not. I will give you chapter and verse. 1 Cor. iv. 3, 4. "But with me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment; yea, I judge not mine own self." R. V. "For I know nothing against myself; yet I am not hereby justified; but he that judgeth me is the Lord." Paul says clearly, "For my own part, I am not conscious of any sin, but hereby I am not going to justify myself by that. The Lord looks at something which I cannot see."

A mother cannot judge a little child by her own light. A mother has better light than a little child of five years. I used to say this to the people. The mother gives Mary a little needle-work to do. "Mary, I want you to do a little needle-work. Do it very carefully, keep it very clean, and bring it back to me this evening; do not get it dirty." "No, mamma, I want to take a piece of very clean, and washes her hands very clean, and she sits down and begins to sew; and at evening time she brings her work back to her mother.

"O mother, I have brought the work." "The mother looks it over and says, 'It is all very nice, very good; but, Mary, come here, I want to show you one thing. What about this short stitch?'"

"Mamma, I never knew that." "My dear child, I know you didn't know it."

"O mamma, thank you." "Was the child wrong?" "Yes. But the child was blameless. She did all she could, but according to the mother's light the child was wrong."

God judges you according to His light, but He expects from you according to your light. It is blessedly possible to be freed from all conscious sin, but in the sight of God, according to His light, you are found wanting. That is the reason we have the feet-washing. As you go on walking, He goes on cleansing. When you put the last foot into heaven there is no dust, no cleansing needed. Oh, glory be to God!

WHAT ABOUT EVIL THOUGHTS WITHIN?

Friends, please do not mix up evil thoughts with thoughts of evil. Evil thoughts or purposes are one thing, and thoughts of evil, quite another. Evil thoughts or purposes are from within the heart of unregenerated men and women. When they are cleansed by the Cleanser from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, (Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26, "Then I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your iniquities, from all your idols, will I cleanse you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh," 11 Cor. vi. 1.) "Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God," through simple faith and being filled with Himself, they are freed from evil thoughts and purposes, but not from thoughts of evil. Eph. vi. 15, 16, 17.

"Taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." "Fiery darts of the wicked." These come from without. You quench these by the shield of faith on the promise of God, the fiery darts are quenched outside by the power of God Who keeps your heart. Isa. xxviii. 3. "The Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." 1 Peter i. 5, "We are kept through the power of God through faith unto salvation." Ps. cxli. 6, "The Lord is my keeper." You shall be tempted with these fiery darts all the days of your life, but they cannot defile you as long as you do not cherish them. You cannot prevent a bird from flying over your head, and casting a shadow upon you; but you can prevent it from building a nest in your hair. Therefore, thoughts of evil will come daily with all power. But fear not, the indwelling Lord, the Absolute Monarch Who is in your heart, will keep your heart within in perfect peace. Listen to what He says, Isa. xxvi. 3, "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." While your trust is kept outside on the promise of God, He keeps you within in perfect peace. God says it, I believe it, I have it. Isa. xxviii. 3 (above). 1 Peter i. 5 (above). 11 Tim. i. 12, "I know Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." Ps. cxli. 5 (above). Zech. ii. 5, "For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about."

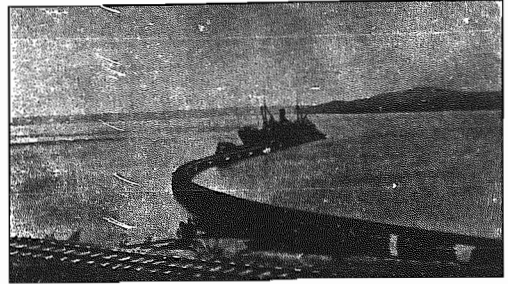
As soon as you believe that He cleanses you from all sin, there is no difficulty about being filled.



THE Cove (Nfld.) Juniors.

I need not say much on filling, or the life more abundant, for as soon as Jesus comes into you, He cleanses and fills you heart with Himself. Cleansing and filling go together, cleansing by faith, and the life more abundant, or the promise of the Father, also by faith. Gal. iii. 14, "That the blessings of Abraham might come upon the Gentiles through Jesus Christ; that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith."

Now, friends, you have heard these truths, and have understood them, but they will not do any good to you unless you act upon them, receive them for yourself now, and take actual possession of them. Please don't argue with your brain, for you have not brain enough to argue with God, but believe and re-



Pier at Clody Sound, Nfld.

ceive like a little child. God's truths are hidden from the wise and prudent, but are revealed unto babes; that is, they are hidden from those who are wise in their own conceit, but childlike people do enjoy them at once.

You have heard all these precious things from His Word; if you don't enjoy these things it is your own fault. May God bless you now and open your eyes now, so that you may enjoy the beauty of these blessed truths.

Do not waste your time. Just believe, receive and thank Him for it. Tell it out! Jas. i. 22, Be not a hearer only, but a doer. John ii. 5, "Whosoever He saith unto you, do it." God bless you. Amen.

"A more venturesome fraud is the 'toke fake las.' The man who works this trick is a picture of starvation and despair. He has a pocket full of bread-crusts, and, selecting a respectable neighborhood, he lies in wait until he sees a benevolent-looking lady or gentleman coming along, when the 'toke' person will throw a crust through the garden railing, towards the houses. With a short he attempts to rake the crust towards him, but his stick is short to reach it. As soon as the gent comes up, the man asks if the lady or gentleman will oblige him by lending him an umbrella to rake that crust. The gent is too short for 'Poor fellow!' the benevolent 'how terribly hungry he must be!' And instead of lending the fraud their stick or umbrella to rescue their crust with, they give him a penny, and is much more appreciated.

"These are a few of the fraudulent dodges 'worked' every day in London; but I've always noticed that our buyers are down on any fraud, and no man in our Shelter would dare get out of money got dishonestly."—Social notes.

Gems of Truth

From Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Travellers change their guineas their characters.

Faith always implies the disbeliever's fact in favor of a greater.

Controversy equalizes fools to men in the same way—and is know it.

God bless all good women! To soft hands and pitying hearts we all come at last.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems to me like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

You may set it down as truth which admits of few exceptions, that those who ask your opinion really want your praise.

There are a good many real miseries in life that we cannot help smiling at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles and not dimples.

Memory is a net. One finds it full of fish when he takes it from the brook, but a dozen miles of water have run through it without striking.

Why can't somebody give us a list of things which everybody thinks and nobody says, and another list of things that everybody says and nobody thinks?

If you disobey your conscience it unmans you; you won't hear the voice to-morrow as you heard it to-day.

To be a Christian is to be a helpful brother laden with servanthood; to be a Christian and not a brother, is a contradiction and an absurdity.

Some Street Frauds.

Whilst having a talk with Capt. McGregor, of Blackfriars Shelter, the subject of street frauds cropped up.

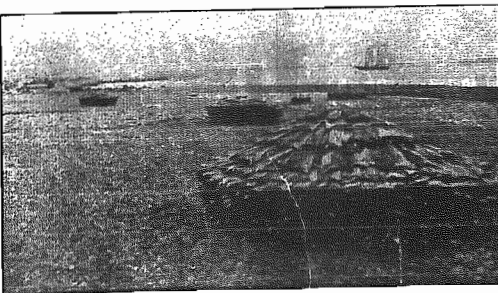
"Do you think that there are many frauds among your Shelter-men, Captain?" we asked.

"No; I believe that nearly every man earns his few ha'pence honestly. There are frauds among this class of men, certainly; but I don't know of one using the Shelter as a pretext."

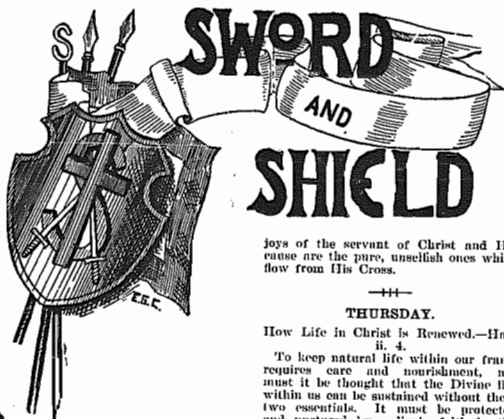
"What fraudulent tricks have you seen 'worked' by the gutter-class, Captain?" "Chuckling the dummy" is sometimes resorted to when men are in desperate straits for food and money. The operator falls down in a sham fit or faint. A crowd quickly collects, and, as he is being lifted off the footway and deposited on a doorstep, his mate comes along and says, "Poor fellow! It's not a doctor he wants, it's food and sleep; 'e appears to be starvin'."

"A few kindly-disposed people will probably give the fraud a few coppers, and as soon as the crowd has dispersed the man recovers from his sham fit and walks away, leaning heavily on his mate's arm, for fear of being detected by someone watching at a distance. It isn't safe to do more than six fits a day!

"Another fraudulent practice is known as 'pulling the ear down.' The fraud who works this dodge tramps about the public-houses, getting in touch with skilled artisans who belong to Trades Unions. The 'ear puller' pitches a long yarn of misfortune, illness, wife in workhouse, etc., and professes to belong to a Trades Union, ending up by asking for a sixpence, which he often succeeds in getting, so straightforward does his story seem to be.



Fish Curing on a Newfoundland Beach.



ekly Watchword:

"AVE IN HIM."

influence I feel,
They begin to live,
Heart Thyself reveal,
Thyself, for ever give;
Good, a drop my store,
Ask, I pant for more.

Come to, my God, mark out Thine
Of him, a larger earnest give;
With clear light Thy witness bear,
More solely within me live;
Let all powers Thine entrance feel,
And deep stamp Thyself the seal.

DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.

The Some of All True Existence.—
John i. 4.

Life is very misunderstood term.
The worlding uses it to describe the
eting intimation of a round of pleas-
while the common conception of
word designates the mortality of
But to the mind enlightened by
the truth, life speaks a new and
meaning. Life in Jesus is the
state of heavenly existence. A
and heart quickened to higher sen-
sibilities is only given by the new birth
salvation.

MONDAY.

How Easy it is to Miss the Gate of Life.
—John v. 21.

This is a much-misunderstood text.
Some people make it too hard for men
to get to heaven, and find texts to mis-
construe to prove their meaning. Others
give the straight way too easy entrance,
and quote this passage in support of
their theory. The definite and Divine
life which the death of Jesus purchased
for the vilest sinner is not obtained by a
mere head acquaintance, but by a whole-
hearted submission of the will and re-
pentance of the heart.

TUESDAY.

From Death unto Life.—Eph. ii. 1.

When the Bible speaks of a man as
dead in trespasses and sins, it refers to
the decay of conscience and withering of
good, which takes place as a result of
evil indulgence in thought, word, or deed.
Salvation restores the good, gives back
the sensibilities of conscience and brings
the soul into direct communion with
the Creator.

WEDNESDAY.

The Pleasures of the Path of Life.—1's.
xvi. 11.

How little the pleasure-seeker knows
of the life of the saint when he desig-
nates it as a dreary thing. The peaceful
pleasures of the path of life are more
real and more lasting than any found
outside it. The best happiness is that
which is not sought, save in the making
happier of the lives of others—and the

OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON

The Miraculous Draught of Fishes.

Luke v. 1-11.

At that time there was a certain amount of popularity attached to the ministry of Jesus. We read that "the people pressed upon Him," and there was every manifestation of interest in His teachings. Had this been a reliable and genuine search after truth, Golgotha would never have been, but the world is not easily turned from darkness to light, from selfishness to single-eyed service, and before long even this seeming friendliness was proved to be largely the curiosity of a crowd. Some conviction, indeed, there was—enough to hold the interest and compel the attention—but it was not strong enough to call forth the multitude from its individual life of ease or egotism to the uncertainties and privations of the footsteps of Jesus of Nazareth. They heard His words indeed, but not with that ear of obedience which only can profit by the wisdom and instruction of Christ. Preaching, after all, even of the most powerful kind, is not the most effectual potentate for persuading the consciences of men. It needed the death on Golgotha to establish the deathless faith of the Christian. Nor can any great success be achieved by the followers of the Crucified without personal surrender and seeming loss.

As if to prepare the way of the great and final declaration of His Divinity in His resurrection, Christ was continually bringing upon the people glimpses of the miraculous powers at His disposal. This incident is one of these occasions, though its significance may probably have been more to stimulate the hearts of His own followers than to persuade the faith of the outside throng.

Christ came into the midst of His people at the moment of their discouragement—they were full of forebodings for their daily bread, for their one means of sustenance had that time absolutely failed. They had toiled as usual, had cast

their nets in the accustomed manner, but to all appearances their efforts had been failures. They were disappointed men. But when the Master went a-fishing with them, what a change! Hope always enters when the Saviour steps in life's boat. Unyielding waters become fruitful when His hand helps us throw the net.

It was from this scene that these rough fishers' hearts turned towards the Messiah—it was after this manifestation of His power in their behalf that they forsook all to follow Him. The draught of fishes gave promise of rich harvest for their nets for the future days, and so in a sense their craft looked at the time in its most lucrative aspect. Therefore their submission to Christ's service was the more to be prized than had it been given when their trade looked worthless and they were themselves destitute men.

Not Like Solomon.

A donation party was given to a good country clergyman in part payment for his salary, the principal result being twenty-seven bushels of beans and a large variety of second-hand clothing for his five children. The patience of the clergyman's wife finally gave out. On the next Sunday she dressed all her five children in the donated second-hand clothing, and under her direction they marched up the aisle just as the good pastor was reading that beautiful passage, "Yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." The next donation party was of a different character.

The Value of Work.

Men who have half-a-dozen inns in the fire are not the men who go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes, and pines, and thinks himself into the madhouse or the grave. Motion is all nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental. And yet nine men out of ten are wastefully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing, or something only if they feel inclined. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest and live to the most purpose.



THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

Do You Understand

How to get a Cheap Railway Ticket to the October Meetings? **X X X X X**

Buy a Single Ticket and ask for a Standard Certificate. Present the Certificate with 15 cents at the office in the S. A. Temple, Toronto, and you may secure return without further charge.

GAZETTE.

Promotion:—

Lieutenant Minnie Woods, of Deseronto, to be Captain.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



Peace or War.

Whatever the question may mean in the political world, it is certain that the dawn of the next century will witness a mighty struggle, intellectually, and materially. It will be the war of Right against Might, and it will either result in the supremacy of intellect over brute force in the form of the settling of disputes between nations by conferences or arbitration, or will manifest itself in a series of gigantic wars, short but terrible. The Salvation Army has always raised its voice on the side of Peace among nations with no uncertain sound, but the very fact necessitates us waging a relentless battle against the foes of Peace. That Hell itself has sent out its cleverest spirits to agitate all the dormant factors and elements of unrest, mistrust, hatred, envy and jealousy can easily be seen in the smouldering fire of war and revolution which may be fanned into a devouring conflagration any day. We, as Salvationists, cannot do better than to devote ourselves to the highest form of service, that of seeking the salvation of the individual soul. To reach from the power of Evil and Darkness to the love of Truth and Light, one soul, will be recorded in Heaven as a greater triumph than the taking of a city, or the conquest of a nation. Let us ever be conscious that our God, Who does not let pass, without His will, the falling to the ground of a sparrow, will ever place at our disposal all the ammunition of Wisdom and Love to turn conflict into conquest. If the Salvation Army can effect the salvation of the poorest and of their children, we have discovered the short cut to the millennium.

The Philadelphia Case.

Judge McCarthy has rendered a decision in the case of the Army's appeal against the outrageous police persecution of our comrades in that city. The Judge has quashed the local verdicts on the ground that the arrests were made without warrants, and, therefore, unconstitutional.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin.

Assisted by the

Headquarters' Staff Band.

Will hold a Series of Special Meetings at
RIVERSIDE,
Saturday, Sunday and Monday,
September 30, October 1, 2.
Monday night: A GRAND MUSICAL
FESTIVAL!



THE BRITISH ISLES.

The General has appointed Colonel George A. Kilbey to the command of our forces in South Africa, which includes Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free State, Transvaal, etc. The General has also been pleased to confer upon our comrade the rank of Commissioner.

XXXXXX

The position of Chief Secretary for the United Kingdom being thus rendered vacant, the General has appointed Colonel James Hay, for five years Field Secretary, as successor to Commissioner Kilbey.

XXXXXX

Colonel William Endie, of the Manchester and Liverpool Province, will succeed Colonel Hay.

XXXXXX

The Queen has been graciously pleased to make important purchases from the Poultry Department of our Land and Industrial Colony at Hadleigh.

XXXXXX

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Lindsay has been promoted to Glory after seventeen years' officership, and a soldiership of twenty-five years.

XXXXXX

On Wimbledon Common on a recent Sunday thirty recruits were publicly enrolled as Salvation soldiers.

XXXXXX

A soldier has just died in Portsmouth who was converted under the Rev. Wm. Booth when she was fourteen years of age, at St. Just, Cornwall. She was an old Christian Missioner.

XXXXXX

Uncle Paul, in his notes in the English Cry says: "It was my privilege to lead a salvation meeting some years ago in Barnet Fair. I was interrupted and generally upset, in the course of what I deemed was a very reasonable and slightly eloquent address, by a gentleman who occupied a good position in a well-known bank in the city of London. He declared we neither published balance-sheets nor understood them when we did. Major Holmes has just told me that that same gentleman has come to look at things from another point of view—as an inmate of one of our Social agencies."

XXXXXX

The Salvation Army barracks at Londonderry was seriously damaged by rowdies during the last Protestant celebration in that city.

UNITED STATES.

The Commander is leading an Half-Night of Prayer in the Memorial Hall, New York, with the subject of his address, "The Deversers of the Cross." The Fall and Winter Century Crusade is being inaugurated.

XXXXXX

Major Cousins reports an attendance of 5,000 at the Fulton Camp Meetings, and the whole country stirred. The churches were closed and the ministers helped the Army get souls saved.



Bonavista, Nfld.

God for salvation, and surrendered the revolver to the officer.

XXXXXX

A day or two afterwards, another young man, a journalist of good family, came to the Swedish Headquarters seeking spiritual help. He had been in a good position, and had earned a lot of money, but had been sick for several months. He had become convicted of sin, and struggled to get peace, but found no consolation. At last he thought there was no hope for him, etc., in this life or in the next. Brigadier Storm spoke to and prayed with him. He then owned up to having a rope in his pocket with which he had intended to hang himself. The young man abandoned his suicidal project, and determined to serve God.

XXXXXX

One of our comrades, Cadet Vesterberg, who is going through the usual training in the Swedish militia, has got permission from the commander of the regiment to hold meetings in one of the smaller dining halls. Two corporals and one private have pressed conversion and joined Vesterberg.

XXXXXX

The Swedish party from the Exhibition have returned home, as have the Norwegians and Danish, glad to breathe their native air and full of hearty courage for the future warfare.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Whatever views may be held a present serious crisis in the Transvaal will be but one opinion a action by the State Secretary, Reitz, though burdened with the of his office, and compelled to stay at his post almost night and day, has time to preside at the opening of the Salvation Army Rescue Home in Pretoria the other day. His homely most approvingly of the Army and warmly endorsed the establishment of this agency. No question of being the "Uitlanders" darkened the sunny. Works of deliverance and me unite most people.

XXXXXX

Colonel Kilbey will sail for the Cape on the 23rd. Commissioner Lindsay comes to England by the ship which leaves the Cape of the 4th of October.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Brigadier Pearce, of South America has recently conducted an officers' retreat in Rosario. On the last night an accident occurred which caused a serious commotion. A policeman, who had been sent to keep order, was the first to interfere for salvation. He marched up the pentitent form in full uniform, with his sword by his side, and sought salvation. On the next night he was on duty, and was found at the front among the soldiers, expressing his determination to fight as a good Salvationist.

XXXXXX

Ensign Bouwell has been appointed Editor of the "Grito de Guerra" (South American War Cry).

SWEDEN.

Last week a man came to Capt. Vickburg, of Stockholm I, saying that he was too miserable to live, and that he had decided to shoot himself. He was carrying in his pocket a loaded revolver. The Captain dealt with him about his soul, with the result that the man prayed to

GLOBELETS.

We learn that after successfully opening the Barbados, Staff-Capt. Wigdory is under orders to leave. His next appointment will probably again be on the western side of the ocean. We will notify his successor (will be he from Great Britain?) in due course.

XXXXXX

Commissioner Hallton's meetings at Bluefields, Jamaica, resulted in great blessing, seventy-seven souls seeking salvation. The Commissioner also visited Kentucky, Cave Mount and Sav La Mar. The meetings in these places resulted in 129 out for pardon. The Kingston Town Hall has been lent for four days' meetings, free of charge.

XXXXXX

Six new Brotherhood Banks have lately been opened in Gujarat and the Paunch-Mahals, with the capital of Rs 1,000 and Rs. 200. These banks are provided to lend money to poor villagers at a low rate of interest, thus saving them from the exorbitant demands of the money-lenders.

Love is the only thing that knits—knits: it is the only binding medium between man and man.

Let Us Sing!

Consecration.

Tunes.—Thou art a mighty Saviour (B. 75, 2); Nottingham (B.J. 217, 2); Weber (B.J. 211, 2).

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Chorus.

Wash me in the Saviour's precious Blood,
Cleanse me in the purifying flood;
Lord, I give to Thee my life, and all to
Thee henceforth, eternally!

Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Let my voice, and let me sing
Sings, only, for my King;
Use my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Let my silver and my gold—
Nought would I withhold;
Be my intellect, and use
That Thou shalt choose.

If no
Still a
Mighty Saviour.

Tunes.—B. J. 68; F. S. 21.

Sometimes I'm tired with toil and
care,
Sometimes I'm weak and worn;
Sometimes it looks so dark everywhere,
Instead of the rose, the thorn,
These are the times when tempted sore,
A voice in my ear doth speak:
"Unsheath thy sword, there's victory
before,
Thy Saviour is mighty to keep."

Chorus.

I have a Saviour Who's mighty to keep,
Mighty to keep, mighty to keep!
I have a Saviour Who's mighty to keep,
Mighty to keep evermore!

"Never I've known a cloud so dark,
Never a power so strong,
Never a wolf so fiercely to bark,
Never a night so long—
out that they all vanished, and fell, and fled,
And left me to wonder, not weep,
How I could ever have doubted at all
of a Saviour so mighty to keep."

Thus, I'll trust The more and more,
And Trust where I cannot trace,
Trust when I hear the ocean roar,
Trust when the foe I face,
Trust will be more than life to me,
So broad, so hushed, so deep,
Changing the thunder into gloom,
Able to save and to keep.

Marching on to War.

Tunes.—We'll march through the world
(B.J. 78, 1); We'll fight till Jesus
comes (B.J. 33, 2); Bright for ever-
more (B.J. 53, 2); Now He sets me
free (B.J. 18, 3).

I am a soldier of the Cross,
And the follower of the Crucified Lord,
I will not fear to own His cause,
Nor blush to speak His name.

Chorus.

Let us march through the world
With the Fire and the Blood;
Let the power and the glory be Thine;
What we've turned guilty sinners
By millions to God,
Like stars in the heavens we'll shine.

I'll not go singing to the skies
And bring them to the Blood;
While others miss the heavenly prize
And die of sin's disease.

The rows of truth and men I'll face,
And bring them to the Blood;
I'll save the world, by Jesus' grace,
And conquer it for God.

Yes, I will fight, and Christ shall reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toll, and the victory gain,
For Thou hast given the word.

The Kingdom of Heaven.

Tunes.—I have heard (B.J. 63, 2); The
Cross now covers my sins (B.J. 80,
3).

I have heard of a Kingdom of Hea-
ven,
Which God, in His mercy, brought
in;
But can this best Kingdom be given
To men who have wandered in sin?

Chorus.

Yes! Oh, yes!
There's cleansing and power for me!

Or a Kingdom of joy I am told,
Which Jesus on earth left behind;
Can a name such as mine be enrolled,
Though for years to its claims I've
been blind?

A Kingdom of peace and of love,
Christ purchased, they say, on the
tree;

And we're sure the Almighty can't lie;
If you do not delay,
But repent while you may,
He will soon make you ready to die.

When the light we have done,
And the victory won,
We to Mansions of Glory shall fly;
There eternally praise
The best Ancient of Days,
For His love made us ready to die.

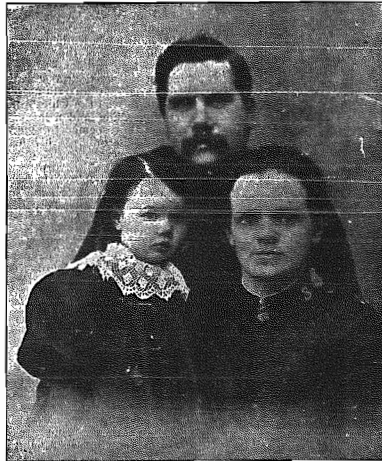
Sinner, Come.

Tune.—Stand up, stand up for Jesus
(B.J. 220, 3)

Oh, sinner, if you're weary
And tired of your sin,
There is a loving Saviour
Who's sure to take you in;
He gives the weary comfort,
He gives the tired rest,
He'll comfort you in sorrow,
And He will make you blest.

Oh, sinner, come to Jesus,
He's such a loving Friend,
He bids you come and welcome
To pleasures without end;
Oh, listen to His pleadings,
He's calling yet again:
"Come unto Me, ye weary,"
Let Him not call in vain!

THE PROVINCIAL OFFICERS OF THE SEA-GIRT ISLE.



Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp, and their Daughter Eva.

Yes, He died, that blest King from
above,
To establish His Kingdom for me.

I read of a Kingdom of God,
Where the glory of Christ is revealed;
And the life's sins are washed in the
Blood,
And the soul by the Spirit is sealed.

Are You Ready?

Tunes.—Ready to die (B.J. 10, 3); Are
you washed? (B.J. 210, 2); The
Saviour stands waiting (B.J. 17, 1).

With a sorrow for sin
Must repentance begin,
Then conversion, of course, will draw
nigh;
But till washed in the Blood
Of the crucified Lord,
You'll never be ready to die.

And that you may succeed,
Come along with all speed
To a Saviour Who will not deny;
Toll Him plainly in brief,
And you long to be ready to die.

We're His word and His oath,
And His Blood seals them both.

Oh, sinner, haste to Jesus,
He calls you, "Come to-day!"
There is a time, remember,
When you must pass away;
Oh, come, then, come to Jesus,
He waits to take you in,
To save you from the torment
Of those who die in sin.

William Walker.

Grand Temple Campaign

Brigadier Caskin Does a Special Service—Excellent
Start—Fourteen Souls on Sunday.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin, assisted by
several Headquarters' Officers, conducted a
twelve days' campaign of special meet-
ings at the Temple, commencing on Fri-
day night.

FRIDAY.—Special holiness meeting.
We had a splendid time. Three souls
came out for the blessing.
SATURDAY.—A large crowd at open-
air listened very attentively to the Brig-
adier, who gave us a straight salvation
talk. The inside meeting was powerful
and resulted in two souls for mes-
sage.

SUNDAY.—Crowning time. Knee-
drill, nice crowd gathered and we had a

blessed time. God came very near.
Holiness meeting, very good indeed. The
Brigadier's words were listened to very
attentively, and everybody went home
well attended. Afternoon, open-air and march
was well attended. Bro. Gormie, from
Guelph, spoke in the afternoon and
touched the heart of everybody present.
At the close we were rejoicing through
the fact of six souls kneeling at the
Mercy Seat. At night we had two
openings running. The Brigadier, as-
sisted by Mrs. Gaskin, Staff-Capt. Stan-
ton and others, conducted the open-air
for the soldiers, while the band held
another open-air. The meeting inside
was grand. Growth excellent. Mrs.
Gaskin's singing highly appreciated. Mrs.
Stanston's words were listened to with
evident interest. The Brigadier's ser-
mon on "The Reason Why" was mu-
nificent. A real red-hot prayer meeting
resulted in eight souls coming out for
salvation, making a total of fourteen for
the day. Soldiers and band turned out
well. The officers with the Brigadier
all helped to make the meetings a suc-
cess.

The Brigadier proved himself to be a
Financial Special as well as a Spiritual
Special. We are going in to have a still
bigger time for the remainder of the
campaign.—W. Pencock.

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE AT HAMILTON.

The Social Secretary Conducts a Three Days'
Campaign in the Ambitious City—Large
Audiences Hear Him—Eleven Souls
Find the Saviour.

The special meetings conducted by
Brigadier Pugmire, in Hamilton, have
been a decided success, and closed with
a splendid record of eleven souls.

Saturday and Sunday's meetings were
ably described by the Herald as fol-
lows:

[The Hamilton Herald.]

SALVATION ARMY RALLY.

Interesting Services with Brigadier Pug-
mire as the Centre.

The welcome meetings tendered to
Brigadier Pugmire, Social Secretary of
Canada for the Salvation Army, began
on Saturday night at the Citadel. Shows
of welcome and hospitality filled the
auditorium. After words of welcome
from Sergt-Major Bailey, Ensign
Fletcher and Bandmann Landers, Staff-
Capt. Creighton, who accompanied Brig-
adier Pugmire, sang a solo with guitar
accompaniment, followed by a musical
duet by the Brigadier and Ensign
Fletcher. A sort of happy, shouting
time, which the Army folks never seem
to be happy without, was indulged in for
a short time, which brought the gather-
ing to a close.

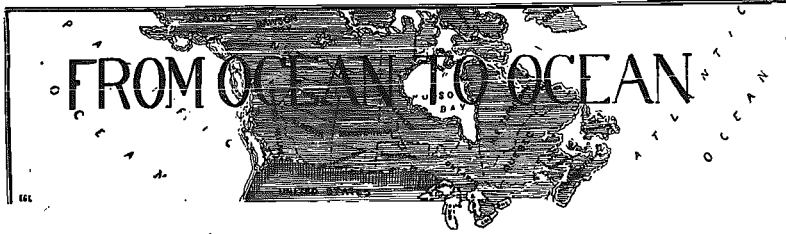
7 a.m. brought them together again
for a knee-drill, and at 10:30 street ser-
vice was held at the Central Fire Sta-
tion, followed by a holiness meeting in
side the Citadel. At 3 o'clock the ad-
dress, "50,000 Miles by Land and Sea,"
by Brigadier Pugmire was given, con-
sisting of his fourteen years' experience
in the Army work in different lands, es-
pecially in Bermuda.

Many striking experiences were given
during the address, which was very at-
tenuately listened to by a large-sized au-
dience.

Capt. Lonie Matthews, in charge of
Bridges, who was a soldier at the Cit-
adel previous to entering the active Army
work, was on the platform and gave a
short talk, she being here on a furlough.
At the evening service at 7:30 after
the opening hymn, the Brigadier, En-
sign Fletcher, according to the Army ritual,
the infant daughter of Ensign and Mrs.
Fletcher, after which Ensign Fletcher
spoke a few words, declaring both the
willingness of himself and wife to train
it for Christ and His cause.

Brigadier Pugmire followed with the
Scripture reading, after which he dealt
with some forcible truths in defence of
truth and righteousness, and the Chris-
tian life. At the close of the service a
number of people came to the front, de-
claring the desire for consecration.

On Monday night the Brigadier de-
livered a lecture on the Social problems
of the present day. Rev. Dr. Beavis
presided and made an excellent cham-
man. He was enthusiastically wel-
comed. The Brigadier's address was re-
ceived with very great attention and
every evidence of sympathy.



MINOT, N. D.—First five weeks gone by since coming to Minot, and although you have not heard from us, we are still alive and going in for victory. We have secured a new building for barracks, which, I believe, will be a great improvement to the work. Crowds are good, interest increasing.—Cadet Ferguson, for Capt. Pattenden.

ST. ALBANS, VT.—The routine of the St. Albans corps was interrupted yesterday by a visit from Staff-Capt. Rawling, who came to give us a week-end. We were all glad to welcome the Chancellor, and secured our old barracks for the day. The meetings were interesting and the attendance good. We are now expecting the arrival of a Cadet to help in the work.—Corps Cor.

Address on India.

CARBERRY, Man.—Ensign Perry with us for two nights. One night a graphophone service, the next the Ensign gave us an address on India, which was appreciated very much. The Ensign was dressed in Hindu costume. Was also favored with a visit from our worthy Major. Had a very nice time. Our girl at the Cross. People are kind to us, and we believe God is going to give us victory.—Triforia.

GALT.—Our new officers have come, Capt. and Mrs. McLeod. We believe there will be a good work done in Galt. Things are on the move. The grove meetings bring good crowds. Harvest Festival target hit all O. K. War Cry sell good. Mrs. McLeod is a hustler to get round. If hard work will win she is right in it. Staff-Capt. Phillips' visit was cheering and successful. The children were delighted with their picnic to Mohawk Park.—Thursce.

RIDGEWOOD.—Good meetings all day on Sunday. One man who had been a backslider for some years, and spent lots of his money in drink, came forward and professed to have found salvation. Since then he has been doing well. Two more backsliders came forward on Thursday night.—K. L.

BLANCHHEIM.—Again we can report victory. The Harvest Festival target of \$32.50 smashed. Capt. and Mrs. Houghton toiled hard to make it a success. Barracks tastefully decorated with evergreens and the produce of the field. Ice cream and produce in abundance, the produce being nearly all disposed of before the night of sale. Capt. Freeman and comrades from Ridgewood came down to give us a lift. The Harvest Festival Cry was a well-gotten-up edition and all disposed of, our reverend gentleman giving the writer ten cents for one.—Ina Groom.

Mr. Dickson Did Well.

ST. THOMAS.—Glorious times here since last target. Harvest Festival was a time of power and thanksgiving, and victory over the devil. Our target of \$85 was beaten. The Juniors also did splendidly. The meetings were very interesting and profitable, large crowds every night, in spite of numerous other attractions in the city. Keeler knows how to draw a crowd. We were glad to have Staff-Capt. Phillips with us one night. He took charge of the program in excellent style. We all say, "Come again, Staff-Captain." Four good causes of conversion in one week—two on Thursday and two at 11 o'clock on Sunday morning. God's presence was indeed felt at knee-drill that morning. It was the most powerful and largest attended knee-drill for years.—B. G.

BAIRNIE.—Noise of war in the camp. Two desperate, old, seasoned drunks found kneeling at the drum head Saturday night in the open air. What a sight looking on. The police were baffled. He remarked to another companion, "You ought to have been present. Why," he said, "the whole town

was there." This is the kind of work which rejoices our hearts. Sunday afternoon we had a blessed meeting in the park; the audience responded liberally to the collection. The meeting in the jail was conducted by Sec. Lane and Capt. Palling. One poor soul wept over his past life. Word came to hand to say adieu shortly to this part of the battlefield. May our last days be the best of all. The Juniors are arranging for a special program for our farewell meetings, under the leadership of the Secretary. A glorious finish is looked for. Our shorthand class is doing well.—Win. Lewis, Capt.

BURLINGTON, VT.—Sunday night was a time of power and blessing to us all, and the result was one precious soul in the Fountain. We gave God the glory and closed with a hallelujah wind-up. Also we had a dance from one of our colored sisters, and we ask, "Who could help dancing?"—Sunshine.

Mark to the Front.

HELENA, Mont.—Through the united efforts of officers and soldiers Helena reached her H. F. target all right. Who ever heard of Helena being behind in anything? Four conversions since last report. Adj. and Mrs. Dodd have re-

though we are rather quiet here in the way of reports, we are not quiet in letting the devil know that we are living. We are having good times and souls getting saved. Ensign Cooper and Lieut. Sparks have paid us a visit. Blessed times while with us. The Junior work is advancing. We have a good number of children. They are doing well with their drills and singing and different other things that they are having for the jubilee.—Cand. E. Sherris, for R. Fugh, C. O.

HALIFAX, I.—Since last report God has been blessing us and helping us to be active in the salvation of souls. Quite a number have recently sought the salvation of their never-dying souls. A stranger, from the States, was convicted in one of our open-air meetings, and came to the officers' quarters in the day, troubled about his soul's salvation. After he was dealt with he was enabled to accept salvation. He has since returned home and has announced his faith and singing and different other things that they are having for the jubilee.—Cand. E. Sherris, for R. Fugh, C. O.

CAMPBELLTON, N.B.—I have just been called out the outpost (Comfort Cove), where I spent two or three days very profitably. While there went to a little blue and red school and had a meeting and enrolled three soldiers. Got back to my billet at 2 o'clock in the morning, hungry but happy. An believing hard for good success in H. F.—J. Moore, Capt.

Well Done!

MEAFORD.—We have come off more than conquerors in the first Harvest Festival effort in this town. Our target, which was \$20, was lost out of sight when we reached the magnificent total of \$304.00. Every soldier and soldieress, though only few in number, worked hard to reach their target, especially one man, Mr. Reilly, reached the sum of \$7.85. God is going to do a work in this place which will never be forgotten. One soul on Sunday. Glory—Lieut. A. Stickels, Capt. Howers.

INGENBOLL.—Harvest Festival for 1899 has been to us an unparalleled victory. Our target was \$90, and we reached \$100. To God, our Helene, we owe every bit of the glory. Time 10:30, Monday, H. F. night. Scene, S. A. quarters' sitting-room. Captain and your Correspondent at the writing desk. Lieutenant at his knees at the centre table. Three heads bowed, three pair of lips and hands moving—counting our H. F. cash. Interested spectator anxiously awaiting. Here we are at last all told, expenses counted off, everything right, \$58.50 for the Juniors, \$42 for the Seniors. Total \$100.50. "Let us pray," said the Captain. "Lord, we thank Thee."—Minnie Kennedy.

PRESCOTT.—On Friday night we went to Candian's and the Methodist Church. A fine crowd turned out to see the lantern service. Also Sat. day night at Prescott. Sunday a good day to our souls from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. Monday was the time. The banner was packed, people sitting in the aisles and standing out on the sidewalk. The sale went off splendid. If you want to sell souls, just come to Prescott.—Capt. Bloss and Lieut. Ash.

WINDSOR, N. S.—Had M. J. and Mrs. Pickering for week-end meetings. On Sunday the Major led four services. At the holiness meeting three souls were out for salvation. At night one came out for salvation, making four for the day. Praise God! In the afternoon service the Major dedicated the child of Ensign and Mrs. Trichon for the service of God in the Salvation Army. At the close of the day all felt the better for the Major's visit. All join in saying, "Come again, Major and Mrs. Pickering."—Treas. Geo. A. McPhee.

A Farewell Tea

VICTORIA, B. C.—Harvest Festival has been quite a success. We got our target, of course we did, and went over it, also. Victoria people are beautiful at giving, and have a very good understanding of the Salvation Army. Saturday night, good meeting. Band to the front. We had a few Indian comrades with us. One soul, a blue-jacket. Sunday, good meeting, in the day, another soul. Monday was the auction sale of goods. Bra. Jones, one of the city auctioneers, gave his services and did splendid. He is quite a man, and a very good one. Tuesday Capt. Duthie left us and went to Vancouver. God bless Capt. Duthie! On Wednesday evening we had a farewell tea, given by Adj. Miller, to the soldiers and sailors of which she had us all good-bye. She felt very sorry indeed to leave Victoria, and we felt sorry to part with her.—M. L.



Ensign Gosling, with his Daughter, and Two of his Officers and a Sergeant-Major, of Tilt Cove District.

PREPOT, U. S.—We are still fighting on. The comrades are nearly all away, which makes the fight rather hard, but God is with us. Our hall, with a fresh coat of paint and new chairs, looks very nice and clean. Ensign Andrews was with us. His visit and his term service was a blessing to many.—Dodie.

HAMILTON.—We had another wonderful week. We are keeping the fire burning in our souls. Our meetings were good all day Sunday. Good crowd at night and one soul came to the Fountain—gave Ensign his pipe and tobacco.—D. McAllister, Corps Cor.

TILT COVE.—We can still shout victory through the blood. Saturday night we had an enrolment. Two took their stand for God under the Yellow, Red, and Blue. Our numbers are swelling. Sunday was a blessed day, soldiers turned out in good style. All the soldiers pledged themselves to be true to God and the dear old Army. Sunday night, God came very near.—L. Stuart, R. C.

received farewell orders. In the short time they have been in Helena they have been a blessing to many souls. The coffee and cake supper on Saturday and Sunday night was well patronized. The Army has many warm friends in Helena. Adj. Ayre was with us for several days. Many listened to his forceful and convincing talk. Adjutant was stationed here three years ago, and his many friends haven't yet forgotten him. Glorious meetings all day Sunday.—E. H. Wickersham.

LIVERPOOL, N. S.—We have just had a visit from our D. O., Adj. McLeod. Had a good open-air and inside meeting. Everybody delighted with the Adjutant, and say, "Come again." We are believing for a break soon. We had a meeting at our outpost (Brooklyn) last night for the first time. The people were very much pleased with the meeting and especially with Little Nellie's singing.—J. L. N., for Susie Taylor, Capt.

NEW BAY, N.B.—It has been a long time since you heard from us, but al-

Unequalled and Unparalleled.

THIS, SAYS THE GENERAL SECRETARY, WILL BE THE OPINION OF EVERYBODY ABOUT THE ANNIVERSARY GATHERINGS, WHEN ALL IS OVER.

A "Cry" Man Sees Brigadier Caskin to Get Some News—The Brigadier Waxes Warm and Eloquent—He Looks as if he had a Card up his Sleeve.

After several postponements of an interview with the General Secretary the Cry man forced his way into the quadruple-guarded fortress of that august personage, who was surrounded and almost submerged with papers of all sizes and shapes and color, and covered with pen and type-writing or printers' ink. The General Secretary looked weary. Had he not been a Salvationist, his fatigued expression would have suggested the dark thing, called "sneeze," but that was out of the question.

After polite enquiry about the Brigadier's health, our Cry man took a chair and bombarded the General Secretary with questions, and under the stimulating effect of the latter the Brigadier's cheeks were beautified with the rosy glow of enthusiasm and his keen eye flashed inspiration. With difficulty he kept his seat, but the narrow space left since the advent of the Cry man made sudden uprisings dangerous.

CRY MAN: "What is the meaning of all this excitement, posters, bills, window-cards, invitation cards, tickets, letters, programs, pamphlets, wires, running, tearing."

Here the sluice-gates of eloquent interrogation opened by the strong hand of surprise, were suddenly closed by the Brigadier's quick reply.

"It means that we are determined to fitly celebrate the Seventeenth Anniversary of the coming of the Salvation Army to this fair Land of the Maple."

CRY MAN (humbly): "Will there be anything new?"

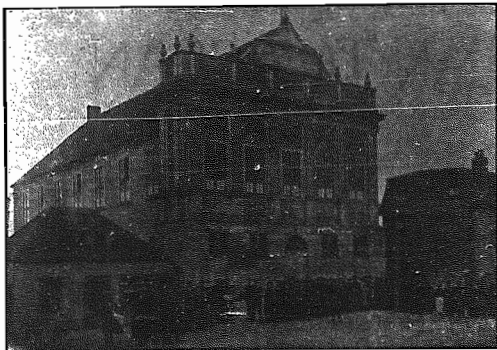
GEN. SEC.: "My dear man, do we ever celebrate anniversaries without having something new?"

CRY MAN (humbly): "I—I beg your pardon."

GEN. SEC.: "There will be the additional experience of one year, and the accumulated enthusiasm of one year's steady advance to be reckoned with. We shall have many excellent features. First and foremost will be the Field Commissioner's unique and unequalled addresses delivered in public, and in officers' councils. Miss Booth's leading public addresses will be on Sunday, and her subjects for the day are, at 3 p.m., 'The Song of the City,' and at 7 p.m., 'Miss Booth in the Garden at Eventide on Love's First Sunset.'

CRY MAN: "I understand that the evening's meeting will be unique and instructed by several object lessons."

GEN. SEC.: "Yes, quite right. It will be magnificent, and we should have the Massey Hall for this meeting, but we found that Hall already engaged for that date long beforehand. There will be special decorations for the platform in the evening consisting of—but you



Harbor Grace, Nfld., Corps and Barracks.

must wait for the surprise. Then Miss Booth will illustrate her address in a novel way by—but that also is a secret: you must wait and see. The meeting will be altogether a powerful and interesting service, which will be at a part with the famous Slum lecture of 'Miss Booth in Rags.'

The Cry man sits stifled for a few minutes, then he regains his thinking capacity and enquires about the afternoon meeting.

"What will be the nature of the afternoon meeting? I understand the theme is 'The Song of the City.' Well, the present song of Toronto is 'Just as the Sun Went Down.'

GEN. SEC.: "Oh, no, that isn't it. The Commissioner's song will be sung while the sun is up, and it is a song difficult to learn."

CRY MAN: "Tell me something about the other meetings."

GEN. SEC.: "The Anniversary proper starts on Saturday night with a welcome meeting to District Officers in the Jubilee Hall. Then there will be the tremendous Sunday at the Pavilion. During morning the various Field Officers will arrive and at night the Chief Secretary, Colonel Jacobs, will conduct an old-fashioned reception. All the Provincial Officers will be there, each of which will be allowed to speak for six solid minutes, after which a bell will ring and a chorus or solo will be sung. This will be preceded by a gigantic march and open-air meeting, which will be an eye-opener to the people."

"Then Tuesday evening the Field Commissioner will address a soldiers' council at Lipincoett St. barracks. The officers' councils will consist of five sessions—Tuesday morning and afternoon, and Wednesday morning, afternoon and night. Bear in mind that on Tuesday afternoon the Commissioner has arranged for local officers to be admitted to that evening."

CRY MAN: "What are you going to do on Thursday? I understand you have something of a surprise for that evening."

GEN. SEC.: "It will be a superb affair. We are going to show, on the one hand, 'The Army as we used to be,' by an old-fashioned Army opening 16 years ago, and on the other hand, 'As we are,' by a slash-dash demonstration and panorama (see dictionary) display of the present-day standing of our Army. There will be speeches, recitations, drill, and songs; an Indian Club Brigade, a Life-Boat Crew, L. O. M. Detachment, Rescue Group, Farm Detachment, Social Section, Children's Chants, etc., etc., etc. All this will be mixed liberally with songs, duets, music and jubilation, and will be a regular display of Salvation Army fireworks and object lessons."

This was all the Cry man could manage at a sitting, so he left, while the General Secretary's blessing followed him.

Appreciated.

The work and growth of the Salvation Army in this part is wonderful, and it has accomplished much, particularly in Rosewood Work in large cities. It appears to reach a class that the other religious bodies cannot, owing, no doubt, to its employment to such an extent of female workers.

In Jamestown, fortunately, the field is very limited, and material to work on very slight; still, even here, it has done good in many instances.—Frederic Klapp, Jamestown, N. D.

Newfoundland Leavened.

(Continued from page 5.)

The Junior Work has also been established and has already reached the following promising proportions:

85 meetings are held weekly, attended by 1,422 children, who are formed into 108 Companies, and taught by as many J. S. Sergeants; while we have a Band of Love membership numbering 775.

A Home for Unfortunate Women, too, has been introduced, which, from January, '96, to June, '99, admitted and dealt with 102 women, with the result that only 14 cases have been unsatisfactory, while one has returned to friends and 87 have been permanently restored to virtue and happiness.

A Poor Man's Shelter is also in operation and has found employment for 40 men, has supplied 30,563 beds and 21,882 meals to the hungry and destitute.

The Slum Post, more recently opened in St. Johns, is likewise doing something towards spreading the "leaven" of joy, of peace and salvation. The two female officers in charge have made 4,126 visits to homes of the poor, 85 to the saloons, 18 to other houses, and cared for and comforted 383 of the sick and dying, having spent in doing this blessed work 5,603 hours.

10 Day Schools have also been established with an average attendance of 30 children at each school, and a full system of education is in course of adoption, as also the facilities for working it out.

CHAPTER VIII.

"THE WHOLE WAS LEAVENED."

IN the light of what has already been done, and with the advantage which these accomplishments bring; and in the light of the great open door of opportunity before us, it can scarcely be thought vain for Brigadier Sharp to suppose that there will come a time when of the Island it may be truly be said, "The whole became leavened." In fact, I am not sure but that in more

than one sense of the word, that claim may justly be made at the present time. The Brigadier, who does quite a bit of calculation, would, I fancy, agree the question: "If, during the few months that we have been in charge, God has helped us to build 10 barracks, and alter had 10 officers' quarters and put frames up for three more, likewise to alter and enlarge the Men's Shelter, secure the Rescue Home as S. A. property, fix permanently new Provincial Offices and start 6 Day Schools.

"If, during the same time, we have increased our Soldiers' Roll by 1,400, our Juniors' Roll by 300, our Band of Love membership by 800, our weekly sales of War Cry by 500 copies, and opened 10 new corps; and if we keep on like this, as we propose to do, does it not appear possible that the "whole" shall become "leavened," and that in every Out-harbor and Cove, in every fisherman's hut and boat, and on every fisherman's net and chant's lips shall sound and swell the glorious song of salvation, and the whole Island shall "Crown Him Lord of all?"

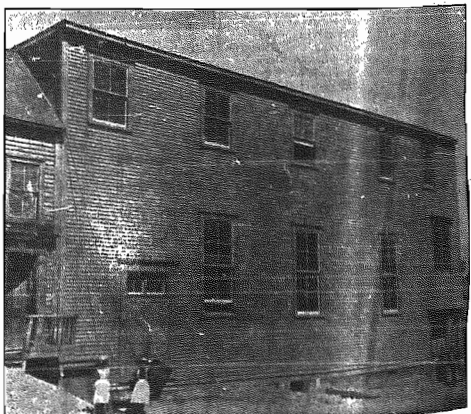
The working out of that problem we can, with all safety, leave to Brigadier Sharp and his brave officers and troops, all of whom may God speed and bless in their energetic, untiring, and wholehearted efforts.—J. E. M.

TWILLINGATE, Nfld.—Still on we go. God is wonderfully blessing us. At the penitential season and season of fast pardon. We are busy planning and scheming for Harvest Festival—Bum Ashford, Capt.



From Seal Cove to the New Jerusalem.

It is with deep sorrow and regret that we are called to chronicle the first death from our small band of warriors at Seal Cove, Nfld., in the person of Brother Morgan Loveless, better known as Uncle Morgan. On Wednesday, 16th of August, the chariot lowered and his spirit took its flight. His sickness was short and trying, but he bore it all with patience. His last testimony was beautiful. We shall miss him very much, for he was always at his post and ready with his testimony. The usual services were held at the house and grave, conducted by Capt. F. Pitcher, assisted by Lieut. Emma Ridout, and as we figured round the grave we were impressed more than ever about the shortness of time. About three weeks before our departed brother was well and strong, and at his daily occupation, but truly we can say, "In the midst of life we are in death."—Yours to fight until called higher. Trifly Loveless, Corps Cadet.



Day School and P. H. Q. Office, St. Johns, Nfld.



Adjutant Kenway, Cashier, Provincial Headquarters.



I—THE ANCIENT GREEKS

CHAPTER XI.

XENOPHON AND SOCRATES.

About the year 400, B. C., Darius, King of Persia, died, and his son, Artaxerxes ascended the throne. His brother, Cyrus, however, laid claim to the throne as well, and by the help of a body of Greek soldiers advanced against Artaxerxes. The Greek troops were gathered by a Spartan who induced many on the promise of enormous riches, which they could gain by plunder. In this way about eleven thousand Greeks, from different tribes and cities, were enlisted. Although victorious in the beginning, the early death of Cyrus left the Greeks leaderless and alone in the midst of the enemy's country, without provisions, money or guides, and without leader. Artaxerxes pursued them and attempted by treachery to trip and exterminate them. The Greek chief officers were invited into the Persian camp and then made prisoners where a message was sent to the troops to deliver up their arms. Discouragement seized upon the leaderless Greeks, but Xenophon, a pupil of Socrates, resolved that night to save his countrymen. He knew they were stronger and braver than the Persians, if they only kept together. He succeeded in uniting the soldiers and raised their spirits. So they went on to trace their return back to the sea. They succeeded, although often attacked by Artaxerxes, who followed them for a long way, to keep the Persians at a distance, or defeat them when attacked. The Greeks marched along the banks of

the Tigris, up the mountains and through Armenia, until one morning they caught a glimpse of water, and the shout, "the sea, the sea!" went rolling back from the front columns of the march to the rear guard. Still they had to skirt the shores of the Black Sea to find boats to carry them home.

So far the troops had kept excellent discipline, but as every effort to obtain boats wherein to return to Greece failed, the morals of the troops fell, plundering became frequent and Xenophon retained command only out of sheer pity.

At that time the young Spartan King, Agessilaus, took up the matter and persuaded his fellowcitizens that Sparta, as the leading Greek State, should assist the Asiatic Greek colonies to be delivered from the Persian yoke, and it was decided to take the remaining 6,000 troops now in Asia, into their pay. The Spartan General, Pergamun, was sent to Xenophon, and the latter returned to Athens, where he wrote a history of this expedition, and a Life of the Great Cyrus I. of Persia.

Before Xenophon returned to Athens, the greatest philosopher of Greece, Socrates, was dragged before the bar, accused of speaking against the Greek gods and misleading the youths of Athens by his teaching, and was condemned to death.

Socrates was one of those men who sought after God in the darkness, as Paul puts it, "if haply they might feel after Him." He correctly considered all the tales of the numerous Greek gods as fables, and believed in one High God Who overruled everything. Who planted within a still small voice—his conscience.—Who punished the bad and re-

warded the good, and Whom he tried to serve to his best knowledge. In this manner his teaching was just and noble, but it aroused resentment among the masses, for it was too high above them, therefore he was accused.

Socrates defended his own cause, but was condemned to drink the poison (hemlock) cup. His friends tried to aid him to escape, but he refused to do so. Upon the remark of another that it seemed hard for their teacher to die innocent, he replied, "What would you deem it better for me to die guilty?" So, at the age of 70 he died bravely and with a clearer inner vision of the true God than any other Greek philosopher. Placed, his pupil, carried on much of his master's teaching, making the cornerstone of his creed, virtue to be sought above all things, and for the sake of which no pain or loss should be avoided. His followers were called Stoics. They believed in the immortality of the soul.

The Epicureans—the followers of Epicurus—believed, on the other hand, in having all the comfort and happiness possible in this life, and that man should do what pleases him. Their creed is expressed in the passage, "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow thou shalt die." So the Stoics and the Epicureans represented the two opposing teachings of Self-Denial and Self-Indulgence, of Right and Wrong, of Light and Darkness, of Heaven and Hell.

TEMPLE, Toronto.—Major and Mrs. Turner with us for the week-end. Good meetings all day. Capt. Arnold assisted afternoon and night. His playing on the violin was much appreciated. Crowds and collections were good. We are going to have a real, red-hot winter's campaign, which we are sure will be crowned with success. Brigadier Gaskin is just commencing his special 12 days' meetings, which you will hear of later.—W. Peacock.

MINNEBOSA, Man.—We are pleased to report victory for Harvest Festival in this place, having reached our \$70 target and a little to spare. Some of the women soldiers worked like Trojans, namely, Trent, Mrs. St. John, J. S. Sergt.-Major Mrs. Cox, and Junior Cud Violet Sherris. These comrades, God bless them, doubled and tripled their \$5 targets, besides getting a lot of stuff to sell as well. To God we give the glory.—Edward Konnir, Capt. H. Kreizer, Lent.



Century Scheme Advances—Now Children's Home in Toronto—New Annual Report of Social Work—League of Mercy Achievements.

By BRIGADIER MRS. READ.

Larger Home for the Children.

We have to report the prospective opening of a large new Home for our Children's Rescue Home in the Queen City. Our children's work is a most interesting and important department of our Social operations. Hundreds of waifs and helpless little folk are cared for annually in our Homes; children of the inmate, of the convict, of the unfortunate, and of the deserted wife and mother. Last year alone 149 were sheltered, clothed, fed and taught by our officers within the sheltering precincts of our Home nurseries.

A large portion of this number were inmates of our Toronto Children's Home. This Home, for God's sake, has been a very haven for hundreds of our homeless ones. Its accommodation has always been inadequate to meet the demands made upon it.

The Field Commissioner, in whose heart the little ones have a warm place, has sanctioned a scheme by which a much more suitable Home will be provided, with accommodation for a large number of children.

The old "mother" corps will rent a hall for their meetings, and the barracks is to be remodelled and fitted up for a Home.

This spot, which has so many tender reminiscences clustered, which has so often echoed with the song of praise and shout of triumph, will, in a few weeks, ring with the merry voices of children. The temporary character, which so many tenderly cherish, will, in a few weeks, be a full particulars later—in the meantime we shall be glad to hear from the friends of the little ones. This work will entail some expense of alterations and furnishing, and also contributions will be accepted in the name of Him Who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto Me."

New Annual Report.

The second important matter which is occupying the attention of the Women's Social Department just now is the preparation for the publication of the Annual Report of our work.

Our dear Commissioner has decided that this year every branch of the Social Work shall be included, and that the book is to be of an interesting and attractive character, from an artistic as well as literary standpoint. Some attractive information of the work will be given. Some of our best writers will contribute to its pages. Miss Booth has promised us one of her fascinating stories from her own life's experience, written by herself. The Report will be in the hands of the public before Christmas.

Various Items of Interest.

Elsie Kerr, at present in charge of Hamilton Rescue Home, is appointed to open the new Rescue Home in Butte City. She is to be succeeded by Adj. Beckstead, at present resting.—Elsie Soper has taken charge of Helena Rescue Home.—Brigadier Pugmire is manifesting a deep interest in League of Mercy Work in Toronto. Last Friday he conducted the monthly meeting of the League in the City's Refuge. A delightful time was spent. Twenty of the girls held up their hands for prayer and promised to serve God. The Brigadier will be heartily welcomed at the Refuge any time.—Ex-prisoner from the Central continue to drop into our office at the Temple, and tell us of the soul victories they have achieved and their determination to live Christian lives in the future.—The work of Toronto Women's Shelter is improving. Capt. Duck writes me: "Lieutenant and I are getting along splendidly. We worked hard for Harvest Festival, and collected \$8. In July we gave away 71 meals, 4 beds, and cups of tea. In August 60 meals, 5 beds, and 10 cups of tea, besides those paid by the women. The women are very well." Major Stewart reports that in the weekly meetings of the Shelter.



WAR CRY BRIGADE AND TIMBREL BAND, CONSISTING OF CANDIDATES OF ST. JOHNS I.

**A New Constellation—The Eastern Star Lights up the Whole
Heavens—Arab Completely Outdistanced—The Unexpected
has Happened—Ernest Enterprise's Remarks Thereon.**

[illegible]

Cadet D. Cushtar, Winnipeg	85
Lieut. Wick, Lethbridge	78
Sister A. Cooke, Fargo	70
Mrs. Adjt. Barr, Fargo	70
Cadet J. C. Cushtar, Winnipeg	68
Lieut. E. Anderson, Jamestown	65
Lieut. Forsberg, Fort William	60
Cadet Giles, Winnipeg	57
Cadet Ferguson, Minot	55
Mrs. Capt. Westcott, Selkirk	55
Cadet R. C. Cushtar, Winnipeg	55
Sister Gamble, Rat Portage	50
Cadet McLeod, Prince Albert	45
Lieut. Woodworth, Carberry	45
Capt. Clarke, Virden	45
Mrs. E. C. Cushtar, Winnipeg	45
Mrs. Adjt. Bradley, Fort Arthur	42
Lieut. Cook, Brandon	40
Cadet McLean, Winnipeg	40
Cadet Livingston, Fort William	40
Wm. Reece, Neepawa	38
Cadet J. C. Cushtar, Winnipeg	37
Capt. Pearce, Moosomin	37
Lieut. Draper, Larimore	37
Capt. McKay, Jamestown	31
Capt. Kennir, Muncie	30
Lieut. C. C. Cushtar, Winnipeg	28
Capt. Myers, Edmonton	28
Lieut. Potter, Edmonton	28
Cadet Nuttal, Winnipeg	28
Ensign Dean, Grand Forks	24
Cadet Gaudin, Grand Forks	24
Capt. Gamble, Fort Arthur	23
Cadet Gamble, Rat Portage	22
Capt. LeDrew, Carberry	22
Cadet Hall, Rat Portage	22
Sgt. Burrows, Morden	20
Capt. Gamble, Fort Arthur	20
Sister C. Heath, Winnipeg	20
Sgt. Johnson, Selkirk	20
Lieut. Hangen, Moosomin	20

6 Hustlers.	
James Curtis, Twillingate	53
Leander Smart, Tilt Cove	46
Sergt.-Major Newman, Twillingate ..	40
Capt. Hiscock, Harbor Grace	20
Cadet Knight, Harbor Grace	20
Cadet Hustle, Harbor Grace	20

4 Hunters.	
Lieut. Aikens, Dawson City	340
Ensign Bloss, Skaguay	104
Adj. McGill, Skaguay	50
Sister Carnahan, Skaguay	50

WAR CRY
HUSTLER'S THERMOMETER

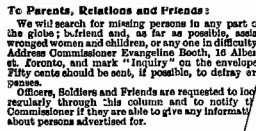
130
 120
 110
 100
 90
 80
 70
 60
 50
 40
 30
 20
 10

BOILING
FEVERHEAT
WARM
FREEZING

—108 Eastern.
 —99 C. O. P.
 —90 W. O. P.
 —86 E. O. F.
 —45 Pacific
 —43 North-West
 —6 Mid.
 —4 Klonidku.

Beware of building conduct on a solitary text.

Show when you are tempted to hide, and hide when you are tempted to show. Let your light shine when the temptation is to keep it under a bushel.



HUNT, MRS. (nee Bowering). 40 years, medium height, dark complexion. Sister Bessie Campbell enquiry Address Enquiry, Toronto.

CASLOW, THOMAS. 47, blue eyes, blacksmith by trade. Wife of working in a machine shop. Wife in Ottawa very anxious Enquiry, Toronto.

KIRKPATRICK, WILLIE. Age about 15 years, fair complexion, round features, small scar on forehead. Left his home on the 25th of April, 1896. Last heard of in Presat, Ont., then going under the name of Willie Thompson. Supposed to be working at farming. Any information of whereabouts will be thankfully received by his parents. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

LUKEY, REYNOLDS. Wanted. Information respecting an elderly gentleman called (Reynolds) Luky. Reported owner of a gold mine or claim. Believed to have died 4 years ago leaving a large fortune in the gold mines of America. Had no wife or children. Any information respecting the above will be gladly received by Commissioner E. C. Booth. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

BROWN, MARY. Aged about 73 years, native of Germany, was in Guelph in 1895. Supposed to have gone to Hamilton, Ont. News of importance awaits her if alive. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

KENNEDY, JAMES. Who came to Canada from Edinburgh, Scotland, 16 or 17 years ago, is very anxious to find his father, mother, brother and sister. ROBERT KENNEDY, his father, worked for Nelson & Co. at that time. Brother WILLIAM KENNEDY, went to Melbourne, Australia, and sister, JANE, was in the city of Aberdeen at that time. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

(2nd Insertion.)

FORREST, GAVAN. Wanted to know the address of the lady who corresponded with the Vicar of Busselton, West Australia, regarding Gavan Forrest. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

MATHER, or WILSON, WILLIAM. Age 36, height 5 ft. 4 in., brown hair, blue eyes, rather stout. Last known address, in March, 1897, was Thornhorn House, Silverton, B. C. He is a joiner and builder by trade. Wife in England anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

EDWARDS, LUMLEY. Age 40 years, fair complexion. Last heard of in 1888. Was then keeping a restaurant in Boston, U. S. A. His aunt, Mrs. Jenkins, of Portage la Prairie, Man., is anxious to hear from him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

LEM, FREDERICK. Age 30 years height 5 ft. 6 in., dark brown hair, dark complexion, grey eyes. Last known address was St. Catharines P. O., Ont. Baker by trade. Address Enquiry, To

WHITE, GEORGE. Is a gardener. Left Cumberland, England, for America in 1874, and is supposed to have gone to Detroit. Was then of slight build, medium height, fair complexion. Now supposed to be in Canada. Also **MRS. WHITE** (nee Maggie Wilson), wife of

WARD, HENRY. English, height about 5 ft. 8 in., dark complexion, left foot turns outward when walking, brown hair, grey eyes, age about 50 years. Has not been heard of for twenty years. In 1879 or 1880 he was at Haddington Hill Sheep Station, New South Wales, Australia, cooking for men's hut and was well-sinking for a Selector close by. News of interest awaits him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

LIKINS, FRANCIS JOHN. Dark brown wavy hair, blue eyes, rather stout, fine form, about 50 years of age. Last seen by wife at Waterford, Ont., 20 years ago. Last heard of 8 years ago at Detroit, Mich. Saddler by trade. Sometimes travelling for Wholesale Hards- quiring. Answer immediately. Mrs. Mrs. W. S. Likins, 631 King St., Lon- don, Ont.

McLEAN, DONALD NEIL. Known as Dau, 20 years of age, tall, blue eyes, dark hair. Last heard of two years ago at Edna, Minnesota. Mother in Nova Scotia anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

ADJUTANT WISEMAN.
Hamilton I., Thursday, Sept. 28.
Dundas, Friday, Sept. 29.
St. Catharines, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 30,
Oct. 1.
Toronto, Mon., Tues. and Wed., Oct. 2,
3, 4.

Winnipeg, Thurs., Sept. 28, to Sat.,
Sept. 30.
Selkirk, Sun., Mon. and Tues., Oct. 1,
2, 3.

Fesserton, Thursday, Sept. 28.
Barrie, Friday, Sept. 29.
Newmarket, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 30,
Oct. 1.
Aurora, Monday, Oct. 2.

Kingston, Thursday, Sept. 28.
Napanee, Friday, Sept. 29.
Deseronto, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 30, Oct. 1.

Minot, Thursday, Sept. 28.
Valley City, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Sept.
30, Oct. 1, 2.

New Glasgow, Thursday, Sept. 28.
Stellarton, Friday, Sept. 29.
Westville, Saturday, Sept. 30.
Charlottetown, Monday, Oct. 2.
Summerside, Tuesday, Oct. 3.

A Christian should be, above all others,
an optimist.

Don't let us sell the Lord's cross to win the devil's crown.

Before you give thanks, you must give thought ; thanksgiving follows thought-giving.

When we are in a state of real, sound, spiritual health, our souls are clothed in love.

HELD FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES

HELP FOR ALL IN YOUR DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADEQUATE CREDITING?

**PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS ?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES ?
PROPERTY DEEDS ?
MORTGAGES ?
INSURANCES, OR
FACILITIES ?**

IF YOU ARE TROUBLED WITH YOUR ?

**CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEES ?**

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place your services the knowledge and assistance of a competent officer.

Address your letter (marked "Confidential") Walter A. Hamilton, S. & Temple, Albert St., Tox & Sons, to the agent concerned will be charged.

17th.

A Happy
Holy, Heavenly, Hallelujah
Jubilification.

17th.

OLD FRIENDS' REUNION,
Councils for Officers and Soldiers, Mass
Meetings and
NOVEL DEMONSTRATIONS

WILL MARK THE CELEBRATION OF OUR

SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY PARTY

Saturday, October 7th, to
(INCLUSIVE.) Thursday, October 12th.

About 300 Staff and Field Officers will be present, including all
the Provincial Officers and Headquarters' Staff.

MISS BOOTH WILL BE
IN COMMAND

ASSISTED BY

COLONEL JACOBS, LIEUT.-COL. MARGETTS,

Brigadiers, Majors, Staff-Captains, Adjutants, Ensigns, Captains, Lieutenants, Cadets, Sergt.-
Majors, Treasurers, Secretaries, Sergeants, Bandmen and Soldiers.

PROGRAM

SATURDAY, Oct. 7.—7.30 p.m.: A Red-Hot Open-Air
Meeting. 8 p.m.: Welcome to District Officers in
Jubilee Hall. x x x x x x x x

SUNDAY, Oct. 8.—3 and 7.30 p.m.: Mass Meetings in
the Pavilion. MISS BOOTH will speak in the after-
noon and at night. x x x x x x x x

MONDAY, Oct. 9.—8 p.m.: Grand Reception to Field and
Staff Officers, conducted by the Chief Secretary. -All
Provincial Officers will take part. x x x x

TUESDAY, Oct. 10.—Morning, Afternoon and Night
Officers' Councils at Lippincott. x x x x

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 11.—Morning and Afternoon: Officers'
Councils at Lippincott. 8 p.m.: Soldiers' Councils at
Lippincott. x x x x x x x x

THURSDAY, Oct. 12.—Morning and Afternoon: The
Provincial Officers will sit in Council with their Offi-
cers in places to be announced. 8 p.m.: Great Anniv-
ersary Demonstration in the Temple: "THE S. A. IN
ACTION," or "THE BATTLE-FIELD OF THE S. A."



BILLETS.—All visiting Officers, if they have not already applied, should write AT ONCE to BRIGADIER CASKIN, S. A. Temple, Toronto, about a Billet.
CHEAP RAILWAY FARES.—Officers, Soldiers and Friends who wish to attend the Anniversary Celebrations can obtain cheap rates to Toronto and return by purchasing a Single Ticket to Toronto and asking at the same time for a STANDARD CERTIFICATE. This latter should be presented at the Provincial Office, Temple, Toronto, with 15 cents, and upon being countersigned, will secure a return ticket to the holder without any further payment.